

Facts, Fiction, Fancies and Latest Fashions of Interest to the Women of Washington

Helene's Married Life
By May Christie
(Copyright, 1920, McClure Syndicate.)
XL.—Who Is Amy?

A sense of guilt crept over me when Travis Lloyd inquired about his flowers.

"Oh yes—thanks a thousand times—I did receive them," I said, quickly, nervously. "They're upstairs. I expect they are in water by this time. It seemed a shame to wear them. Besides, flowers fade so quickly on me!"

"I won't make the obvious answer," he replied, smiling again. "And, anyway, I don't think it fits you—unless I'm mightily mistaken—you don't trifle with the hearts of men."

This was a poser, certainly! But anything to divert his mind from the use to which those flowers had recently been put!

"I hope I'm not a flirt," my voice came out in a nervous gasp. "I know. They say that the most charming women are coquettes by nature!"

"Not a true woman, such as you, Miss Helene," he said, with a look of intense earnestness. This comment proved to me he had no sense of humor.

A man bores me, too, who can't say a certain time he is slipping. The lack of proportion in Travis Lloyd's make-up was rather disappointing.

A little silence fell between us. It was at this crucial moment that the door opened and a maid brought in a package. "That's for you," she said, handing it to me. "What did it mean? The mystery of Travis Lloyd was thickening!"

Tomorrow—A Crumpled Paper.

HOROSCOPE.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1920.
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Jupiter rules strongly for good during the late hours of this day, according to astrology. Neptune is in threatening mood.

In the evening plans for buying and selling should be very lucky. Trade and commerce will be well directed while this configuration prevails.

One of the signs of the times will be the tendency of men and women to simplify the usual activities of their lives and to avoid what is unnecessary in the way of daily routine. It has been found that the true value of time would be appreciated as never before and that this fact would have a decided effect upon social customs.

The planet that encourages a love of luxuries has had much power during the last year and will continue to influence the human mind in coming years when economies may be imperative.

Discontent over diminishing wages in certain vocations may lead to serious troubles in the coming autumn.

Lawyers come under a government of the stars that offers new opportunities. A judge will receive a high office within a month.

Fanks have the prognostication of some sudden difficulty due to an extraordinary national problem.

Deceit and treachery are believed to be made easy by the aspect of Neptune which is dominant today. Persons of good reputation may develop tendencies that lead to misrepresentation and even dishonesty.

Thoughts should be safeguarded as never before, the seers warn, for there will be many corrupting ideas expressed by persons of warped mentality.

Vices that are due to abnormal instincts may be more common than ever before, and for this reason the young should be protected with unremitting vigilance.

Shipping affairs will be criticized anew before the end of this month with beneficial results.

Persons whose birthdate it is should be more zealous in meeting all the social obligations of life than ever before in this year of 1920.

Children born on this day may be untidy and careless in dress. These subjects of Pisces are often idealistic and imaginative.

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PASTEL SUEDÉ GLOVES POPULAR.

Many smart women are now wearing pastel suede gloves. Most of the new 20-button evening gloves are embroidered in a conventional floral design on the arm. The faded, however, is not confined to the ballroom. Pastel suedes are being worn extensively at afternoon functions as well.

JELLY MADE FROM IVORY.

A jelly which is said to be frequently prescribed for the sick in England is that made of elephant tusks. Quantities of ivory dust accumulate in English factories, where many tons of tusks are sawed annually. This dust, which is sold at sixpence a pound, makes a fine, pure jelly when properly boiled and prepared.

Are You a Booster?

If you are, you are invited to become a member of and a co-worker in

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which stands for bringing out the greatest efficiency in all community activities. Here is my application for membership:

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Address _____

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CHILDREN'S
SUNRISE STORIES
UNCLE WIGGILY AND
BILLIE'S SAIL.
By HOWARD R. GARIS

Down came the rain, all over everything in Woodland, near the Orange Ice Mountains, where Uncle Wiggily was staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel folk. And, as the rain came down, it froze, covering everything with a sheet of slippery ice.

"Oh, dear me!" chattered Mrs. Bushytail. "I shall never be able to go to the store this morning!"

"What did you want from the store?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I wanted some calico to make little jackets for Billie and Johnnie," spoke Mrs. Bushytail.

"But it is so very slippery, and the rain is freezing so fast as it comes down, so I don't see how I shall be able to get to the eight and nine cent store," said the squirrel lady.

"I'll go for you," offered the bunnymouse gentleman. "I love to be out in a storm."

"But this storm is so terrible!" exclaimed Nurse Jane.

By this time Johnnie had found his books and had hurried off to school.

Hurry, Billie, or you'll be late," called Mrs. Bushytail to her other squirrel boy.

"I'm looking for my spelling book," said Billie. "It has a lot of hard words in it I learned for the lady mouse teacher."

"And because it has such hard words in it, I suppose that is why it is so hard to find," laughed Uncle Wiggily. "I'll help you, Billie."

But it took such a long time that Mrs. Bushytail said:

"I'm sure you'll be late for school, Billie."

"I'll go with him and hurry him along," offered Uncle Wiggily. "I'll go now and get you the calico."

Soon Uncle Wiggily and Billie, the squirrel chap, started out together. The rain had now changed to snow and this, falling on the frozen sleet, made the paths and fields as slippery as the frozen duck pond ocean.

"I guess the only way for us to do is to slide," said Uncle Wiggily. "I haven't forgotten how."

So the rabbit gentleman and the little squirrel boy began to slide, one on his way to school and the other to go to the eleven and twelve cent store.

Uncle Wiggily would slide forward two steps and then he would slip back three steps.

And Billie would slide along seven steps and then slip back eight steps.

"Oh, I'll never get to school this way!" chattered Billie with a laugh, and to tell you the truth, he did not seem to mind very much.

"Yes, it is slippery, and we don't seem to be getting along very fast," spoke Uncle Wiggily, as he took five slides ahead and went back five places. "But I know how we can manage, Billie."

"How?" asked the squirrel boy.

"We can turn around and go backward," suggested Uncle Wiggily. "Then the more we slip back the nearer the store and the school we shall be."

"Oh, let's do it!" chattered Billie. And they did.

Now you had better hurry on to school, Billie," said the rabbit gentleman. "And I'll go back home."

But now something else happened. Uncle Wiggily and Billie could not seem to get anywhere. They slipped, stumbled and slid all over but in the right direction.

"Oh, I shall never get to school," chattered Billie.

"If we only had umbrellas we could hold them, hold our feet still and then we would be blown along just like ice boats," said Uncle Wiggily.

"What do we have something like that?" exclaimed the bunny gentleman as he looked at the bundle of calico cloth under his paw. "I'll take a piece of this and make you a sail, Billie. I'll make a calico sail for Billie and no for himself."

So this teaches us that even on-ions have some uses in this world. And if the canny bird doesn't take the sugar spoon out of the cake basket to slide down the ironing board on and tinkle the gas stove's legs, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Johnnie's Jack.

IS THIS YOUR TYPE?
By MARIE LA ROQUE
(Copyright, 1920, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Have You Small Eyes?

Moliere in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" describes a character who is known to be patterned after his own wife.

She has small eyes, objects one. True, return the champion of her beauty, "but they are full of fire, very brilliant, the most penetrating and the most touching in the world."

And that is the case of small eyes in a nutshell. You may pass muster anywhere with small eyes, though it is the large eye that is accounted more beautiful, but if you are going to get along with small eyes they must be eyes of fire, very brilliant, full of feeling and expression.

There are those who say that small eyes betoken cunning. Nonsense! Didn't Patrick Henry have small eyes, and didn't John Marshall? And could anyone accuse the outspoken Virginian who called upon high heaven for liberty or death of possessing cunning in his nature, or that other Virginian who devoted his superb endowment of judicial splendor with which Charles Lee to the good of his country, of being a man of mean disposition?

Among small-eyed folk who wrote are Tolstoy, Ibsen and Whitman, Chopin and Beethoven are small-eyed men of music, and Michael Angelo had exceedingly small eyes, which shows that large eyes are no more necessary to painting than to the other arts.

And you really don't have to have large eyes even to fascinate. There was Eleanor Gwynn, who rose from obscurity and rags and a pittance a day earned vending oranges in a London theater to the more than queenly splendor with which Charles II surrounded her as his favorite. She was accounted the most charming, most beautiful, most vivacious. And yet, her eyes were small indeed, small, in fact, that when she laughed, which she did often, those orbs were all but lost to view.

Not infrequently we hear the large, full eye referred to as the queenly eye. Just why it is hard to tell. Perhaps because it looks like the sort of eye that most persons think queens ought to have. There was Marie Antoinette, whose eyes

WINDOW SHADES CAN BE CLEANED.

A widow shade may be cleaned with a commercial paper cleaner, or with dry flour or starch applied with a soft duster or cloth. The shade should be tacked to a table or to the floor before being rubbed. If it is faded at the lower edge, it may be reversed, tacking the lower edge to the roller, and making a new hem.

Medium Shades Prove Popular.

So far this season afternoon frocks of the best mode in georgette, chiffon cloth and other airy materials are in medium tones, such as soft grays, tan, old blue and Burgundy. Later, it is predicted, lighter tones will be popular.

Fashionable Nancy



New Chiffon Creation For
Days of Summer Sunshine



By CORA MOORE.
New York's Fashion Authority.

New York.—When small, trim hats of spring lose their charm as the days lengthen into real summer, soft, frilly hats will be ready to take their place, as they have every summer in memory. This year designers are favoring chiffons and tulle with brims drooping to shade the eyes.

Constance Binney wears a large hat of shell-pink chiffon which illustrates the mode. Low over the eyes, and flaring slightly higher in the back, the hat is trimmed only with a band of blue grosgrain ribbon and a strong hand-woven woman's crown, and one upstanding conventional blue flower at the side of the front. The crown is shirred in upon cords at intervals.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By MILDRED MARSHALL.
Facts about your name; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; its significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

ETHEL.

Ethel is in itself a name, but it has so many suffixes as to seem almost a syllable itself. It is another of the Teutonic names which signify noble, and is derived from Aethel, the same prefix which, in German, is Adel, from which comes Adelaide. The early feminine form of this simple little name was Aethelthryth. Another, less complex, was Ediltrud.

Teutonic and Norse tradition seem to merge somewhere along the course of Ethel's history, for the splendor of the Valkyrie fingers in the Germanic, and the story of the woman of the olden times, because it signified the ideal woman of the period when "a resolute will and a strong hand were women's best title to respect," as one writer puts it. Nowadays Ethel, shorn of her complexities, suggests a fluffy Thursday, rather than an Amazonian ideal.

Saint Aethelthryth was a queen of the Amazon type, who must have been a very uncomfortable sort of wife, and who finally retired to a monastery. She was canonized as Saint Etheldreda. Her saintly name has come down to us with a small degree of popularity, but Ethelberta and Etheldreda are much the favorites. Ethel is the most prevalent of all and stands alone as an independent name. It is not only pleasing, but possesses welcome brevity in contrast to other forms of the name.

Alberta and Albertine are regarded as other offshoots of Ethel.

Ethel should wear an agate if she wishes happiness and success. According to its promise, it will bring her the desire of her heart, give her courage and a dauntless will. Thursday is her lucky day and four her lucky number. The wild rose is her flower.

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STENOGRAPHY IN
CONSTANTINOPLE

Typewriting, commercial arithmetic, English, and now stenography, are among the classes offered by the American Y. W. C. A. in Constantinople. The course in stenography has just been opened at the earnest request of the girls of the association, according to a letter just received at Y. W. C. A. headquarters in New York City. In spite of the great difficulty of learning shorthand in a language only partly familiar, these Armenian and Turkish girls are eager to attempt it. There is a considerable demand for stenographers in Constantinople, and it seems a dignified and desirable occupation to young women who have never before done anything useful.

Typewriters are scarce in that city that the Y. W. C. A. is forced to depend upon its "brother association," the Y. M. C. A., for equipment for typewriting classes.

REMODELING A WIFE

A Story of Married Life Where the Husband Would Be a Creator
By MILDRED K. BARBOUR.
(Copyright, 1920, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LXII.—The Inevitable Reckoning.

Doris was feeling quite herself again by the following morning and deeply thankful that her indisposition had averted another domestic squabble. Stewart was very tender to her and brought her flowers and novels after her own taste. She appreciated the concession, realizing how it must have hurt him to order them at a bookshop.

For almost a week things ran along smoothly. Doris was very docile, meek and obedient, her husband's slightest suggestion.

"She is learning at last," he told Margaret excitedly.

"Learning what?" queried Margaret absently.

"Learning what? I am better able to direct her than she is herself," Margaret nodded with the detached air she had worn of late. "She is not looking very strong," she said.

"Too much society," returned Carrington carelessly. "She has done a great deal more this winter than ever before in her life and she is not getting the outdoor exercise she should have. You know that she would rather sit in a stuffy theatre or read before the fire with a box of candy than ride or walk."

Jane, bringing up the afternoon mail, lingered and made no attempt to wipe a bit of imaginary dust from the table, straightened a chair, and fluffed up a cushion, but Doris was deep in the trials of a martyr heroine and gave the maid no attention.

Jane gave a slight cough and said hesitantly:

"Beggin' your pardon, Mrs. Carrington, but—when I had my afternoon off yesterday I got me a new dress. It's—it's come—the man's downstairs now and I—need fifty cents to finish paying for it."

Doris looked up quickly from her book at the maid's flushed, embarrassed face.

"Oh, Jane, I'm so sorry. I forgot all about owing you that money. I was ill, you know, and it escaped my mind completely."

"That's for interest," she laughed. "Thank you for the loan."

Scarcely had the maid left the room, when Carrington stood in the doorway. One glance at his face told Doris that he had heard.

"Will you be good enough to tell me what this latest madness means?" he asked with a dangerous calm of compressed lips. "Since when have you developed the habit of borrowing money from servants?"

Doris sat down quickly on the couch to hide her trembling. "The day of Juliet's tea," she gasped, "I needed half a dollar to pay for a taxi—nobody was home and Jane offered—"

"And you borrowed from a servant rather than take a street car or walk or phone for Weston?" Carrington's icy calm frightened Doris more than his usual display of wrath.

"It was only 50 cents," she began pathetically, but the husband's clamorous cut her off. He had turned to fling himself out of the room when his eye caught the letters lying on the salver on the table. He picked them up, scanned the address with a frown, and ripped them open.

The face he turned to Doris was livid with anger. He held out two fluttering sheets with a shaking hand and with difficulty he articulated:

"These—what in Heaven's name with a sinking heart Doris took the proffered sheets. One was a crumpled statement from the Oriental shop, the other a courteous, but no less insistent request from the jewelry store that it "would appreciate" immediate settlement of her account long overdue which had no doubt escaped her attention," etc.

She handed them back without a word. There was nothing to say. The inevitable hour had arrived.

:: Excellent Advice ::
By DOROTHY DIX
Highest-Paid Woman Writer.
Which Is Worth the More—A
Wife's or a Husband's
Love?

The other day a newspaper contained accounts of two suits that had been brought for alienation of the affections.

In one, a wife sued another woman for stealing her husband's love away from her, and the jury awarded the plaintiff \$25,000 damages.

In the other case a husband sued a man for robbing him of his wife's heart, and the jury assessed the husband's damages at \$10,000.

From this it would appear that what is sentimental sauce for the goose is not rich enough sauce for the gander; that a wife's love for her husband is four times as valuable as his love for her, and that when he loses her affection he has sustained four times as great a misfortune as a wife does when she loses her husband's love.

The jury's appraisal of the relative value of masculine and feminine love gives us pause for reflection. When we consider the difference between the quantity of woman's love and man's love, we can but agree that it was nothing more than just that the penalty for the theft of one was rated as mere petty larceny, and the other constituted high robbery and misdemeanor and was punished as such.

Reflect upon the manner in which men love and the way in which women love. "Man's love is of his life a thing, a part," says the woman's whole existence. "Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Thus declare the poets, and nobody has ever disproved the assertion. A man gives to his wife the fragment of his heart that is not set upon himself; the fraction of his interest that is not devoted to his work in his career; the portion of his time that is not taken up by business or golf, or his other pursuits.

Man's affection is a bit of chaffon that he drapes about a woman when she is young and pretty. It is a lovely thing, but it lacks wearing qualities for the most part. As a general thing a husband's love for his wife depends on her age, her looks, her health, her high spirits. If he is devoted to her, faithful to her still after she gets old, and fat, and grizzled headed, or becomes a peevish invalid, everything short of a miracle is required to keep his love from fading. It is the consensus of public opinion that he should be given the Croix de Guerre of Matrimony.

In view of the evanescent quality of masculine affection it is easy to see why the wives who sue men for vamping their husbands never get big damages. Juries do not hold that they are entitled to them, or consider that they have lost anything very valuable. The most they have been robbed of is a pinch-back brastrap that may have been

useful in holding things together but is no priceless jewel.

On the other hand, a wife's affection is the most indestructible object on earth. Hers is the love that is all wool and a yard wide, and that is guaranteed not to run, nor shrink nor fade in the wash, and to stand the wear and tear of life.

She can love the unlovable. She can be faithful to the faithless. She can wash a man out of the gutter, wash him clean with her tears, and set him up on a pedestal and make a little tin god of him. So he who possesses a woman's heart has not only a source of daily comfort and strength and sustaining, but he has also a piece of bric-a-brac that is a constant curiosity and wonder to all who observe it, and that is valuable beyond all reckoning.

More than that—a man's wife is his caterer, his laundress, his valet, his conscience, his savings bank, his safety valve, his savior, his sparring partner, his standing excuse for everything he does and omits to do, and for him to be robbed of all of that aggregation of conveniences is to leave him poor and desolate indeed.

In the old romantic days a man in love proved his devotion by putting in his armor, mounting his battle steed and faring forth to do deeds of valor for his lady love. In these times the man in love proves his devotion by hustling out and making money, or getting somewhere, to prove his affection for the woman he loves.

Comparative few men ever achieve success, or save money, or hold a big job until after they get married. It is when a man has a wife whom he loves and for whom he wants limousines, and diamonds and fine houses, that he rolls up his sleeves and does the work that counts.

There is a direct ratio between a man's earning ability and what he thinks of his wife, for men cash in their affections in dollars and cents. And, curiously enough, just as a man's love for his wife leads him to prosperity, an unlawful love nearly always spells disaster to him, and many a man's bankruptcy and ruin has begun in his flirtations.

It is because domestic affection means peace, and happiness, and a calm mind, and ambition, and prosperity that a wife's love is so valuable, and the man who is robbed of it has lost his chief worldly possession, and is entitled to such compensation as the courts can give him.

But, as a matter of cold fact, not many men or women really rob each other of their wife's or husband's affection. They lose them through their own carelessness, and if they had been attending to their business, watching and guarding the precious thing entrusted to their care, it would have been safe from the depredations of sneak thieves.

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